

By Clinton Ross.

• • • y • s • • By Clinton Ross.

## Billy McGlory

# McGlory

other prisoners. We ask your protection.

"CHRISTOPHER BATES."

"The old chap thought that, if they are as they represent themselves, he would pull down his old towel and his hair. I knew you would know the writ-

ing. And it's that fellow Bates. Extraordinary, by Jove!"

And then Miss Churchill knew no more, for she had fainted. When she came to herself she was on her own legs, and she was holding her hands and giving her salts, while Glen-

ria, deep sympathy in her dark eyes was fanning her. From outside came the noise of tumult.

"What is all that noise?"

"They are fighting in the streets."

"Members, and—"

"Bertha has no more tact than a no-

way. Forsyth, the consul, was busy and nervous. Anglo-Saxon interests were in his hands. But he had only the sentiment the flags inspired, and no war vessel to enforce his demands.

Miss Churchill, standing on the consulate balcony, saw a wild-eyed priest

(Copyright by S. S. McClure company.)

By A. H. Hummel.

[illegible]

ter street, but it took all the New York reporters a week to establish this fact. The child was not found until the pistol he had been seen to drop in the road was found to bear his name. The little girl he had rescued was a daughter of Samuel Browning, a Broadway merchant. The roan horse was a new purchase. The boy had been riding for the first time that afternoon. He had got out of the buggy, giving the reins to the child, in order to arrange something about the harness, when the brute bolted.

As that day, the Mayor and Armory had been frequent topics of discussion and denunciation in the newspapers of

"See the 'little fower I found!" lisped one, showing a tiny spring violet.

"More fowers growin' in oos bonnet," announced a fat cherub, who had chanced to be passing. "I was making a minute study of the trustee's hat."

"May I pick one?" came coaxingly from the same lips.

"Yes, just one."

In a moment the whole bunch of violets, rivaling nature in size and color, were in the hands of the group, and were being sniffed at as if they were the real articles.

Then the watch had to be produced

aged to a son, he added with importance:

"My father is a dangerous man!"

Oscar, the timid one, drew closer as some of this vaunted dangerousness might extend to the son.

\* \* \*

Oscar had been with us four of his six years. He had lived to see children of his own age come and go to "homes of their very own" many times. He had never been in a home because he was shy and lacked the "taking points" that carried others away.

In vain we had presented him, all washed and combed, shining with ex-

He knew him! Admiration and longings were in Oscar's pale, pinched face. In his intensity he twisted his hands—his hands!—toward the mother, as he listened to the "mother." She told what a comfort and delight the adopted boy was, how he had paid for his care over and over by loving them, and how lucky they were to get him.

Oscar could bear it no longer. He snatched a moment to pluck a sleeve and whisper mournfully:

"Oh, I wish I had a home and mamma of my very own!"

Then he burst into loud weeping, and he wept not alone.

numbered the men two to one, and some of the men were in women's clothes. It had been a fancy dress ball, and the fair sex had been rigged out by the Bowery costumers for the occasion, so that the tables presented a picturesque appearance, to say the least. The Brunswick waiters were at first inclined to revolt, but the agent's head promised them anything to serve the supper and get the unwelcome guests away, since he feared a riot if they were not fed promptly—an apprehension that was not entirely unjustified.

Don't Know it Yet.  
(Philadelphia Press.)

Our newspapers have been declaring for several days," says the loyal Russian, "that we won a great victory on the Yalu."

"Well," said the other.

"Well, the authorities at Tokio claim it was a Japanese victory. How do you account for that?"

"Oh, that's easily accounted for. They probably can't read our papers."

FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF A  
TRUSTEE OF VARIOUS CHAR-  
ITIES

As the trustee turned in at the gate a little knot of boys gathered about her on the steps like a brood of young chickens about their mother.

"See the 'little fover I found!' lisped one, showing a tiny spring violet.

"'Fover' is a word I've never seen in a bonnet," announced a fat cherub, who had climbed to a step and was making a minute study of the trustee's hat.

"May I pick one?" came coaxingly from the girl with the white hair.

"Yes, just one."

In a moment the whole bunch of violets, rivaling nature in size and color, was in the hands of the group, and before long it was as if they were the real articles.

Then the watch had to be produced

"Johnnie, how do you like living with us?" called the trustee to him.

"Oh, I like it!" Then, as if encouraged to go on, he added with importance:

"My father is a dangerous man!"

Oscar, the timid one, drew closer as if some of this vaunted dangerousness might extend to the son.

Oscar had been with us four of his six years. He had lived to see children of his own age come and go to 'homes of their very own' many times. He had never been chosen because he was sickly and 'not taking points' that carried others away.

In vain we had presented him, all washed and combed, shining with ex-

Then he burst into loud weeping, and he kept not alone.

The women among the revelers outnumbered the men two to one, and some of the men were "women" themselves. It had been a fancy dress ball at Armory hall that evening, and most of the fair sex had been rigged out by the Bowery costumers for the occasion, so that the revelers were a picture of appearance, to say the least. The Brunswick waiters were at first inclined to revolt, but the agonized head steward promised them anything to get the revelers to leave the hotel. The waiters grunted away, since he feared a riot if they were not fed promptly—an apprehension that was not entirely unjustified.

luckiest man in New York.  
(Copyright, 1904, by Abraham H. Hum-  
mell.)

---

**Don't Know it Yet.**  
(Philadelphia Press.)

Our newspapers have been declaring for several days, "says the loyal Russian," "that we won a great victory on the Yalu."

"Well?" said the other.

"Well, the authorities at Tokio claim it was a Japanese victory. How do you account for that?"

"Oh, that is easily accounted for. They probably can't read our papers."